I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neyther of vs well.
Glo. Well your impriſonment ſhall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt neere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I doe loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes heere the new deliuered *Haſtings*.
Enter Lord Haſtings.
Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord,
Glo. As much vnto my good L. Chamberlaine:
Well, you are welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemyes, are his,
And haue preuailed as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pitty that the Egle ſhould be mewed
While Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad.
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad as this at home:
The King is ſickly weake and melancholly,
And his Phiſitians feare him mightily,
Glo. Now by Saint *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an ill dyet long,
And ouer much conſumed his royall perſon,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What? is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till *George* be packt with poſt-horſe vp to heauen:
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,

With

Which lies well ſteeld with weighty argu
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done God take King *Edward* to his
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in,
For then ile marry *Warwicks* youngeſt dau
What though I kill her husband and her f
The readieſt way to make the wench amen
Is to become her husband and her fathe
The which will I not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her which I muſt reach vnto,
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill liues, *Edward* ſtill raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my
Enter Lady Anne, with the hearſe of He
La. Set downe, ſet downe, your honoura
If honour may be ſhrowded in a hearſe,
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaſter*,
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thou bloodleſſe remnant of that royall blo
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtered
Stabd by the ſelfe ſame hands that made th
Loe in thoſe windowes that let forth thy
I poure the helpeleſſe balme of my poore e
Curſt be the hand that made the fatall hole
Curſt be the heart, that had the heart to do
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of th
Then I can wiſh to Adders, Spiders, Toads
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the vie